

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

KISS ME QUICK AND CO.

The other night, while I was sparking,
Sweet Turlina Spray,
The more we whispered our love talking,
The more we had to say;
The old folks and the little folks
We thought were fast in bed—
We heard a footstep on the stairs,
And what d'ye think she said?

CHORUS.

O! kiss me quick and go, my honey,
Kiss me quick and go!
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go!

Soon after that I gave my love,
A moonlight promenade,
At last we fetched up to the door,
Just where the old folks stayed;
The clock struck twelve, her heart struck two (too),
And, peeping over head,
We saw a night cap raise the blind,
And what d'ye think she said?

O! kiss me quick, &c.

One Sunday night we sat together,
Sighing side by side,
Just like two wilted leaves of oashage
In the sunshine fried:
My heart with love was nigh to split
To ask her for to wed,
Said I, shall I go for the priest?
And what d'ye think she said?

O! kiss me quick, &c.

A. W. AUNER'S